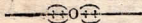


THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

BY P. B. WEST,



Strange visitants! electric light,
In all its nameless shapeless forms,
Careering thro' the clouds when bright
With lightning flashes, as when storms,
Arise disturbing elements arrayed,
In battle lines as if in mock parade,
Is not more wondrous, or attractive seems
Than ~~Polaris~~ that so fitful gleams.

the Aurora

Polaris true and faithful holds,
The secret of their mission, wild,
Stern *Ursa Major* neer unfolds
Their purpose, yet as if beguiled
By Lyra, with its plain inductive art,
The merry dancers often coyly part,
Quickly forming, shimmering ranks renew
Pass in salient files thro' grand review.

Higher against the darken'd sky,
Rising their parti-colors course,
As *Ætna's* fiery streamers fly,
Hurled upward by volcanic force,
The *Northern Crown* eclipse, and gems of
night,—

The stars that glow, now dimm'd their
lustrous light,
Till trooping homeward at approach of
day,
They elfin-like have vanished on the
way.